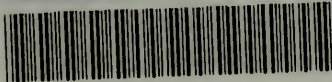


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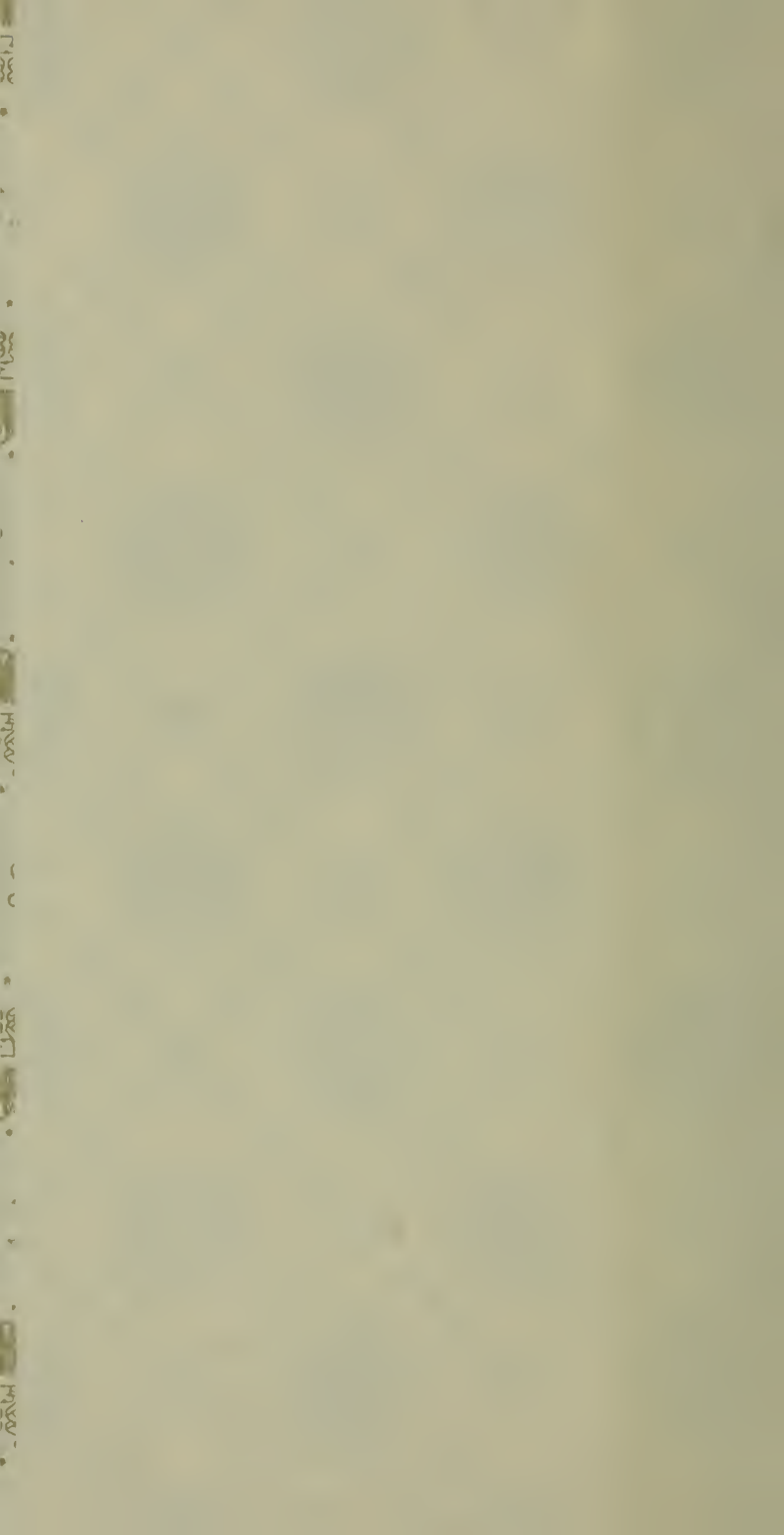
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FRIEND  
O'  
MINE

by  
*Wilbur D. Nesbit*  
H



Published by  
P.F. Volland & Co.  
at their Shop in  
Chicago









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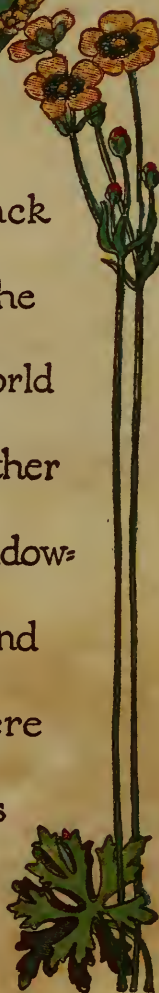


FRIEND o' mine of  
long ago,  
I would reach across  
the years  
To the days we used  
to know,  
To the laughter and  
the tears;  
Fain would find the  
songs we knew—  
Brave old songs they  
were, in truth!  
Strains that cheered for  
me and you  
All the golden  
paths of youth.






I would journey back  
again  
To the parting of the  
ways,  
Journey from this world  
of men  
To the wondrous other  
days;  
I would find the meadow=  
lands  
Odorous of mint and  
musk,  
Find the fields where  
shadow=hands  
Trailed the draperies  
of dusk.







**F**RRIEND o' mine that  
used to be —  
Ho, the world is long  
and wide!  
You have fared afar  
from me,  
Stout of heart and  
eager-eyed;  
I have journeyed here,  
and there  
'Neath the palm-tree  
or the pine,  
But each spot had  
been more fair  
Were you with me,  
friend o' mine!

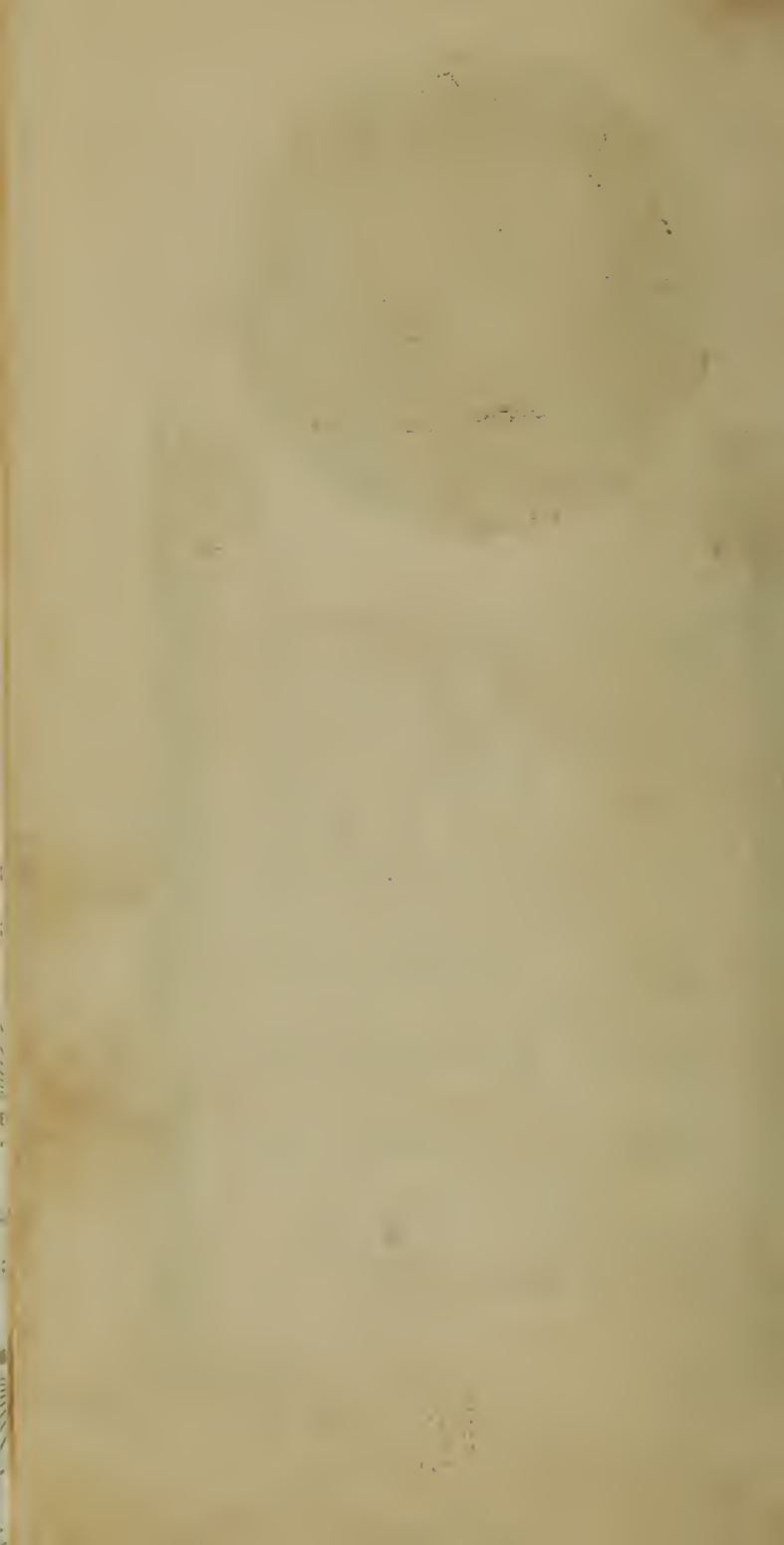






WHAT, though, are the  
stretching miles,  
What the darkness of  
the night  
When each of the golden  
whiles  
Glimmers in the friendly  
light  
Of the memories we  
hold  
Of the days when field  
and tree  
And the meadow-lands  
outrolled  
Were the world for  
you and me?







FRIEND o' mine, I  
blindly reach  
Till again I touch your  
hand —  
Thoughts we cannot put  
in speech  
Come to me. You under-  
stand!  
Friend o' mine, I fill  
the cup  
To the past of you and  
me —  
Pledge it, ere we drink  
it up,  
To the days that used  
to be!

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